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GOETHE'S *DAS MÄRCHEN*.

BY GERTRUDE GARRIGUES.

"The German Emigrants," of which the tale ("*Das Märchen*") is a part, describes the adventures and entertainments of a family of distinction which has been forced, by the encroachments of the French, to leave its estates and seek safety beyond the Rhine. Its members reach the right side of that river without further injury, and settle themselves, for the time, upon a small property, there to await, with such patience as they may, the return of more peaceful times.

The first part of the novel is occupied with a description of the different personages; their adventures, and the disputes—growing out of the distracted state of the times—in which they engage. They find their chief pleasure, the author tells us, in describing the follies of two great nations, in finding the Germans as absurd as the French, and in representing, first one and then the other, as Jacobins and Radicals. This diversion finally leads to a fracas which results in several of the party separating themselves from the others. This is regarded, by those who remain, as so great a calamity that they resolve henceforth to banish politics, and all other subjects not likely to prove generally interesting, from their conversation when together. It is further agreed that, as nearly as possible, each one of the fugitives shall return to the interests and occupations which engaged him before his flight, and seek, at all times, so far as his powers permit him, to afford his part to the common entertainment in a courteous and ingenuous way.

The Clergyman—a typical Goethean character, by the way—offers, on his part, as dessert, a series of narratives which he does not promise shall be strictly authentic, yet which he, at the same time, insists no one shall have the privilege of doubting. He keeps his word, and each day the party is amused and instructed by one or more of his anecdotes. The first evening is devoted to the study of the connection between what is commonly called the natural and the supernatural, and of the difficulty of judging of events which are called marvellous, yet which, if properly considered, may be found to admit of a natural explanation. The other

tales teach the lessons of renunciation, of self-sacrifice, of self-restraint—that “man possesses within himself the same power to subdue his inclinations which may be called out by the persuasions of another.”

Finally Karl, the young man whose precipitation had caused the dismemberment of the party, inquires of the clergyman whether he knows a fairy tale. “The Imagination,” he observes, “is a fine faculty, yet I like not when she works on what has actually happened. The airy forms she creates are welcome as things of their own kind; but, uniting with Truth, she produces oftenest nothing but monsters, and seems to me, in such cases, to fly into direct variance with reason and common sense. She ought, you might say, to hang upon no object, to force no object on us; she must, if she is to produce works of art, play like a sort of music upon us; move us within ourselves, and this in such a way that we forget there is anything without us producing the movement.”

“Proceed no farther,” said the old man, “with your conditionings! To enjoy a product of imagination, this also is a condition, that we enjoy it unconditionally, for Imagination herself cannot condition and bargain; she must wait what shall be given her. She forms no plans, prescribes for herself no path, but is borne and guided by her own pinions; and, hovering hither and thither, marks out the strangest courses, which in their direction are ever altering. Let me but on my evening walk call up again to life within me some wondrous figures I was wont to play with in earlier years. This night I promise you a tale which shall remind you of nothing and of all.”

Then follows the tale which, at first sight, appears to be something entirely apart from the rest of the narrative, having no connection with or dependence upon anything that precedes it. A more careful scrutiny, however, convinces us that all the other matters considered are mere preparations for and indexes to this most marvellous work of all—mere points for its argument. What Goethe himself said of another production of his (Novelle) may be fitly quoted in this connection: “To find a simile for this novel, imagine a green plant shooting up from its root, thrusting forth strong green leaves from the sides of its sturdy stem, and at last terminating in a flower. The flower is unexpected and start-

ling, but come it must—nay, the whole foliage has existed only for the sake of the flower, and would be worthless without it."

To be able, even in the smallest measure, to seize the import of the work, it is needful to bear in mind the fact that all of Goethe's productions are biographical—parts of his life, as it were, and expressions of the various experiences he underwent. It was written in the years between 1793 and 1795, while Goethe was still at work upon "*Meister's Apprenticeship*," shortly after the publication of the "*Theory of Colors*"; and when, after his return from Italy, he was again passionately pursuing his scientific studies at Weimar. He had passed through the wild, stormful, but fervid and high-aspiring Werther period, and had attained a mature serenity without losing anything of his youthful enthusiasm. His religious doubts were all solved, his views of art matured, his aim in life defined. All the anarchy and unrest of his early life had broadened and deepened into a calm, self-sufficing, self-decisive manhood, of the height and depth, the strength and power of which he was at last fully conscious.

Having reached this point, with a mind like his, the first desire was to crystallize the impression, to give it form, "to execute some poetical task wherein all that he had thought, felt, and dreamed on this weighty business might be spoken forth." Such a task we believe he found in the tale. It is the shell of the chrysalis; it epitomizes the stage of development which he had himself reached, and to which, in the enthusiasm of production, he believed the world had also attained.

From the full, beautifully free, abundant nature-life of the classic world, man, during the middle ages, had gone over to the intense spiritual existence of Christianity. The mediæval Christian despised the body, and looked upon Nature herself as something hateful and impure. This world was regarded as the domain of the senses, and whatever was of it pronounced worthless. This life was considered as having value solely as a preparation for the life to come, and all spiritual things had their place in a beyond which was only to be approached by a renunciation of existence—by death.

The ideal of the classic world was the perfect identification of idea and form of a spiritual individuality with a natural form; the Christian ideal tore these two elements asunder and placed

them in irreconcilable enmity. In the classic world it was in the natural that spirit sought an Absolute, and hence it conceived the natural as in itself divine. The faith of the middle ages for the first time enabled spirit to penetrate into its own internality, in the process of which it at first esteemed the flesh—Nature and the natural in general—as something false or nugatory, notwithstanding the spiritual and absolute had been able to make its appearance only in this element. But the spiritual tendency, however strong, was, of course, incapable, even when most dominant, of overruling entirely the realism which made men cling fast to nature and to sensuous pleasures, as is evidenced by the pomp and parade, the rich animal life, which grew more and more a characteristic of the middle ages as the first faith slowly weakened.

The fact that this, his dearest, was, at the same time, his deadliest sin, was calculated to make man restless and miserable. He found it impossible to live in the mere hope of a beyond, and his faith taught him that to grasp this impossibility was his only salvation. Glad to escape by any means, if only for a moment, from the consideration of this direful dilemma, he willingly turned his attention to whatever new was offered. The Renaissance brought into Europe revelations of the matchless art of antiquity, and, for the time, all Europe turned Pagan. The Reformation, though apparently opposite in its tendency, through its appeal to the natural judgment of man's soul, was another move in the same direction. The eighteenth century—with its protest against all authority and its steady cry for a return to nature, though unlicensed, and, through its bloody agent, the French Revolution, by which it carried the war from religion into politics, thus translating freedom of thought into liberty of act, forever to be shuddered at—was the grand culmination in which the external and secular learned how more and more to secure recognition, until, at last, the modern world proclaims as its ideal—the *Human*. "The depth and height of the human soul as such, the universally Human in its joys and sorrows, its struggles, its deeds, and its destinies."

In a novel that openly takes for its scene localities made desolate by the French Revolution it is natural, perhaps, that men should look for some expression of political opinion from its author; but those who have done so here—as in his other works

dealing with that time—have met only with disappointment. This, no doubt, has led to the assertion, made as often almost by his friends as his foes, that Goethe had no political faith. "He was utterly without interest in political matters. He disliked the Revolution as he disliked the Reformation, because they both thwarted the peaceful progress of development. In it (the French Revolution) Goethe only saw the temporal aspect; his want of historical philosophy prevented him from seeing the eternal aspect." (G. H. Lewes.)

It would be hardly possible to draw a lamer conclusion or make a more erroneous statement than this. No man ever possessed a wider view, a quicker or surer power of generalization, or a truer, deeper sympathy for anything and everything which could, even in the smallest degree, affect humanity. It is true, he left to others the discussion of the purely political problem, while he gave his time to the purely human and individual interest. His whole life was spent in calling upon men to be free, to make themselves so against all odds; but by freedom he meant "the complete healthy development of their own natures," not a change of political constitutions. The French Revolution was to him then what it has grown now to be to most: only one of the crises—a great and fearful one, we must admit—in that grand movement by which the negativity of the middle ages was being forced to give way before the more positive element of the modern time. Another turn in the spiral through which the liberation of spirit is to be accomplished.

Goethe animated the universe with God; he saw in Nature the incarnation of Spirit. Morality was to him the high and harmonious action of all human tendencies, and art the highest representation of life. In his own words: "To discuss God apart from Nature is both difficult and perilous; it is as if we separated the soul from the body. We know the soul only through the medium of the body, and God only through Nature." Hence the problem of the tale, as we take it, is one with the problem of his century and ours—the reconciliation of spirit and matter, soul and body.

After the first shock received at the hands of the Reformation, the mediæval Church, foreseeing its final downfall, but unwilling or unable to submit at once to the omnipotent process of Spirit, drew its coils more firmly about its adherents, remorselessly seek-

ing to crush out all further progress. It was at this moment, "the middle of the night," when the darkness of the middle ages seemed intensified by the fact that men's minds had been, for a time, illuminated—if never so slightly—by the rising beam of Freedom, of which the Reformation was the morning star, only to be darkened again by the sable pall which the Church had hastened to let down over all things, that the so-called French Philosophy (Will-o'-wisps) arose. This Philosophy, although almost wholly sceptical, contained the positive element of a strong desire to impart information (Gold), to spread abroad a knowledge of things as they were, and so let light in upon old abuses.

The Church, at first, as foster-mother of all learning, received the new workers kindly, and, as nothing could come into the material from the spiritual world without her assistance, or, in other words, as this was the most direct avenue to their public, the French Philosophers gladly accepted the good offices of the priesthood (the Ferryman) to ferry them into notice. They repaid the service in the only coin they possessed—information upon various matters, both simple and abstruse, a variety of knowledge for whose jingle the priesthood had always had an abhorrence. The minds of men (the River), it had always felt convinced, would rise up in horror at the daring scrutiny that such as Diderot, Voltaire, D'Alembert, and their fellows, threw upon all things, sacred as well as profane.

The priesthood, therefore, when it came really to understand their bent, refused to accept their gold, and demanded of them instead a recognition of its authority. They must repay the Church, or its representative, not in glittering generalities or sparkling speech, but by the practice of meek and lowly virtues, by humility, obedience, patience, prudence, moderation, silence, and the like (Fruits of the earth). These, naturally enough, considering their characters, and the epoch of which they were the product, they did not have at their instant command; but were ready enough to promise all things in regard to them. The story tells us that the Ferryman gathered up the gold very carefully, and hastened to place it where he thought it could do no further mischief. Few of the French Philosophers but were advertised, as well as complimented, now and then, in those days, by a solemn clerico-legal burning of their works.

"Now, in this chasm," where the gold was thrown, "lay the fair, green Snake, who was roused from her sleep by the gold coming clinking down." When Goethe went to Weimar, Science, as we understand the word, in its many-sided manifoldness, did not exist; but at the time the tale was written it was already growing into a great and powerful engine of progress—to the prophetic, love-inspired eye of Goethe, the greatest and most powerful. In nothing was the eighteenth century more remarkable than in the impetus which it gave to scientific investigation, and it is to the encyclopedists that this was largely due. It was the information in regard to things—simple and minor largely, but often great, and vastly important—gathered from all quarters and on every side by its contributors, and then flung carelessly and at random into the voluminous pages of *L'Encyclopédie*, which did more than anything else to arouse Science (Snake) from her long sleep of the middle ages, to fill her with new energy, and with glad hopes of the future.

The Snake and the Will-o'-wisps expect much of each other. Their relationship is clear, their difference Goethe makes even clearer. The Will-o'-wisps are "gentlemen of the vertical line." "Since ever was a Jack-o'-lantern in the world, no one of them has either sat or lain." The encyclopedists were full enough of theory, of suggestion; they had plenty of these to give, and they gave freely and generously; but they would never have been contented to dig and delve laboriously, pile fact upon fact, experiment upon experiment, as she "of the horizontal line" is compelled to do.

What the Snake wants of the Will-o'-wisps is their gold; they wish to know of her where the fair Lily dwells. She knows, she can tell them, she can even carry them over the River herself—but it must be at high noon. It has been only at high noon—at illuminated periods of the world's history—that science, correct thinking or knowing, could so dominate the minds of men as to span the distance between, and bring in close contact the sensuous and the supersensuous, the seen and the unseen. True to its creed, the Church, through its priesthood, could admit no possibility of the natural holding converse with the spiritual; but Superstition (the Giant's shadow)—what Goethe calls the "dark Extraordinary"—could with his dark shadow measure the space, and lay like an

incubus over the River, which swept shudderingly and fearsomely beneath, as it held fast the two countries together.

The Snake is not sorry to lose sight of her relatives for a space. Having fed so well, she requires time for assimilation and investigation. This investigation is conducted in a different direction from the one we should have supposed ; but Goethe's idea of science was, that it was all-embracing, all-pervading. It was not merely an investigation of physical phenomena—although there he gave it its full meed—but it led also to the understanding of all of the phenomena of existence, intellectual and spiritual, as well as the merely natural. "Without my attempts in natural science," he says, "I should never have learned to know mankind such as it is. In nothing else can we so clearly approach pure contemplation and thought, so clearly observe the errors of the senses and of the understanding, the weak and the strong points of character."

In the dark chasm where she had lain so long, the Snake had found small opportunity for investigation into other than the simplest natural substances. Alchemy and its earliest offspring, Chemistry, had represented all that there was of physical science ; and of history, political economy, the science of government, all that owes its genesis to "the shaping hand of man," there was only the merest inkling in the minds of a few of the more illuminated. Goethe, through his kings—which may also be considered as symbolizing different epochs—for instance, the gold king might represent the genius of biblical or Hebrew supremacy ; the silver king, the classic period ; the brazen, the power (especially the secular-feudal) of the middle ages—shows us that the world has at all times been governed by one of three forces—wisdom, appearance, strength ; but for a just and true balance of power all three should hold equal sway, and reign each in his own unmixed purity.

The three kings greet gladly the light which the Snake throws upon them, and the golden one inquires, immediately upon seeing her, "Whence comest thou?" and when answered, "From the chasms where the gold dwells," inquires again, "What is grander than gold" (knowledge)? "Light" (insight, the power to combine and arrange, to perceive the universal in the particular). "What is more refreshing than light?" "Speech" (the power to make use of this insight—to apply it).

Things are growing clearer; science has opened the way a little, and now poetical activity, with its still but strong insight (the Man with the Lamp), appears. "Why comest thou, since we have light?" asks the golden king. "You know I may not enlighten what is dark." Poetry is never found among the savage and rude; but the moment the cloud lifts a little, the moment there is the slightest striving toward knowledge or civilization, she is there. "Will my kingdom end?" asks the silver king. It was the question, no doubt, which he had intended asking of the Snake when he was interrupted by the coming of the Man with the Lamp. Now he asks it, more properly, of poetical insight. "Late or never," is the answer. Appearance, beauty, art and its accompaniments, will hold sway over man, we must believe, so long as life lasts. The brazen king now makes himself heard: "When shall I arise?" "Soon." "With whom shall I combine?" (Here is Goethe's idea of combination: "in himself, the individual is little or nothing; combined with his fellow-men, he is all.") "With thy elder brothers." "What will the youngest do?" "He will sit down?" "I am not tired," cried the fourth, with a rough, faltering voice. This is the first mention we have had of the composite king. It will be observed that he has taken no part in the above conversation, and is only aroused to interest when he hears himself mentioned. We may suppose him to represent the era at which the tale opens, and of which Goethe wrote: "Our present time is retrograde, for it is subjective. All eras in a state of decline are subjective; on the other hand, all progressive eras have an objective tendency."

Meanwhile, the golden king—wisdom, the natural spokesman of the other two—is asking of the man: "How many secrets knowest thou?" "Three," replied the man. "Which is the most important?" said the silver king. "The *open one*"—that "the Universe is full of goodness, and whatever has being has soul"—replied the other. "Wilt thou open it to us also?" asks the brass king. "When I know the fourth," replied the man. "*What care I?*" grumbled the composite king in an undertone. "I know the fourth"—renunciation, man must leave hold of the particular in order to grasp the universal—hissed the Snake. And well she knows it, and will hereafter prove her knowledge of it. "The time is at hand"—when nature and spirit should no longer be es-

tranged—cries the old man, in a strong voice. It is enough ; he hurries away in one direction, the Snake in another. As he passes, the light which he carries—pure poetical insight—changes everything which it falls upon into something brighter, purer, greater, lovelier, holier.

The scene now shifts to the cottage of the old man. He enters, and finds his wife—practical activity—in tears. Our old friends, the Will-o'-wisps, have been there before him. They have been playing off upon her some of their usual pranks, and she is now almost in despair. This is another view of the estimation in which Goethe held the encyclopedists. Though recognizing and gladly proclaiming the services they had rendered the arts and sciences, he deprecated the evil influence they had exercised by their continual vociferations in favor of a false and pernicious freedom—a freedom which, as they taught it, really amounted to unlimited license. “Whatever frees the intellect, without at the same time giving us command over ourselves, is pernicious. Only within the circle of Law can there be true freedom ; we are not free when we acknowledge no higher power, but when we acknowledge it, and in reverence raise ourselves by proving that a Higher lives within us.”

The method which the Will-o'-wisps used toward the old woman was rude, but it was probably the only one suited to the time. They first licked away the old poetical ceremonials and rites, which were all that had made beautiful the rough stones which sheltered her, and then, with the new gold shaken from themselves, dealt death to the Faith (Mops) which had been alike her plaything, her sorrow, and her joy. Poetical insight can clothe again the bare walls with new lustre and beauty, and change this dead Faith into something more enduring ; but unless his help-mate, practical activity—the people, humanity at large—in her own person (the Basket) carries this Faith, as well as the homelier virtues for which the Will-o'-wisps have made her responsible, thus freeing themselves, it can never be restored to a true spiritual existence.

The old woman departs upon her errand. The basket weighs heavily upon her, but it is not the onyx : it is the vegetables that burden her. It is easy to carry a high faith, a noble purpose ; an inspired feeling exalts, it hovers above our heads and we can

scarcely hold it to us ; it is the exercise of the simple, lowly virtues of daily life that weary and distract.

Walking along and musing in sullen fashion, she suddenly finds herself confronted with the Giant's shadow (Superstition). He soon robs her of part of her burden. Not of the onyx, which she could not rid herself of if she would and would not if she could, but of part of the debt due to the Ferryman. He, when she presents herself before him, is enraged to find only a part where he had looked for the whole ; and is ready at once with the plea which had been used by his Church since ever it was established. It is not he, it is not the Church, it is the minds of men that must first be satisfied and assuaged. She must bind herself to the time-river, to public opinion, for the further payment of her debt. She finds this a heavy business. Her hand, the very soul of labor, is blackened and shrivelled, if not rendered useless ; the activity of labor remains, but its influence, its power, ends when it ceases to be other than for itself.

There is one hope left, however : she will repay her debt and so rescue the noble member. She hurries away with eagerness and speed. And now her basket is no longer a burden ; it hovers free above her in the air.

One of the delicately fine points of the tale is now to appear. Thinking of Goethe in the light in which we love him best, as poet and seer, we should have supposed, probably, that it would have been to poetical activity, inspiration, that he would have confided the task of first introducing the Prince to the fair Lily—of bringing the natural side of man face to face with the spiritual. But no, he has given us a subtler touch. It is to practical activity that the task of leading him across the River is intrusted. Goethe believed firmly in the dignity of labor ; but it must be labor with an object, an ideal, not dull, lifeless toil. "Godlike energy is seen only in action ; what we can *do* we *are* ; our strength is measured by our plastic power."

And now, behold ! on the other side of the River—over which one of the party has made of her body a bridge, by means of which the others have crossed—are assembled the Snake, the two Will-o'-wisps, the Old Woman, and the Prince. All bound upon the same quest, all seeking to gaze upon the beautiful face of the fair Lily. Merely to gaze, they will not dare to touch ; the very glance

of her eye carries with it a heavy penalty. And yet they must seek her. All thought, all effort, all desire, all being must find its centre in spirit. The middle ages, we have said, had placed her in a beyond where she might be gazed upon but never touched; the problem of the modern time is to carry her over the River, a willing captive, and make her to reign a sweet household goddess—*here*.

The old woman, laden with the basket containing the memorial sent by her husband to the fair Lily, approaches her first. She finds her seated in a beautiful grove and singing sweetly to the music of her harp, but she is not happy. If the material side of man wanders about restless, useless, and unhappy, because separated from the spiritual, that spiritual part itself suffers no less from the estrangement, and probably suffers more; for it is only through the material that it can find existence and a field of action. The first result of the strong desire of man (Hawk) to attain spiritual insight and communion is to rouse the soul to consciousness, and to kill the happy ignorance (Canary) with which it has hitherto found solace. But there is no affliction possible to man which his divine side is not capable of elevating itself above, and the fair Lily, though bemoaning her favorite, recognizes in his death one of the signs which combine to teach her hope.

She enlivens the onyx and rouses him into a half-life, with which she finds some small pleasure. Still she knows that he can never be a living, real presence again until he returns to a life upon earth—until the individual is able to realize a religion apart from its forms. “Each has his own religion; must have it as an individual possession; let each see that he be true to it, which is far more efficacious than trying to accommodate himself to another’s!”

The Snake now arrives, full of eagerness and hope. “The prophecy of the bridge is fulfilled.” Lily is doubtful: “The lofty arch of your bridge can still but admit foot-passengers; and it is promised us that horses and carriages, and travellers of every sort, shall, at the same moment, cross this bridge in both directions”—for science to reach its full development, to accomplish its full mission, it must cease to be the speculation of a few and become the minister of the many. “Is there not something said, too, about pillars, which are to arise of themselves from the waters of

the river?" it is not enough that public opinion shall grow indifferent to the so-called "conflict" between religion and science; it must proclaim that there is no conflict. The Snake is determined to be hopeful. "However it may be," she says, "the temple"—of the future, in which wisdom, beauty, and heroic strength shall hold equal sway—"is built."

When Lily hears, for the second time that day, the blessed tidings, "the time is at hand," she is almost ready to believe; and her attendant virtues—hope, faith, and charity, or love—are aroused.

Now is the time for her Prince to appear. He is weary and despondent, his desire is shrunk and drooping. He has reached his "darkest hour."

That soul and body may become one, that the material part of man may be filled and permeated by the breath of God, true spiritual existence, it may not be necessary—as the faith of the middle ages taught—that man should die, physically; but it is necessary, it must always be necessary, that he shall make a renunciation of his *merely* natural existence. Spirit will not come down to lead a merely sensuous life with matter; but matter must raise itself—through the destruction of its sensuousness—to a spiritual life with her. It is only in the "regenerated man" that soul and body can be one. Goethe understood this well, and it was only when he had experienced this truth, when he had passed through the "Mystic Bath" himself, and had come out pure "Gold," that he could have written the tale, which symbolizes that process.

To most men at some moment of their career—alas, and forever alas, for him to whom it never comes!—there comes a time when they are confronted by their limitations. The intellect, in her search after knowledge, may be defeated; the affections may be broken and prostrated by the loss of objects dear to them; the conscience may be violated, the will may be thrown back upon itself. It matters not how the conflict begins, it must *end* by a recognition of the utter inability and insufficiency of man in his own unaided person to reinstate peace in his own soul. This is the crucial test for all mankind. Every human soul must cry: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" but only the elect can say: "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." These accept their limitations as a divine appointment, and bow in total

and absolute submission to the power of God—not conceived as blind force, but as divine intelligence—and, in so doing, pass, by that fact, into a higher state.

In some form or other, the birth of the soul involves the death of the body; that is, the birth of the higher grows out of the negation or denial of the lower principles. So the Prince, in the act of casting himself up on the bosom of Lily, instantly expires. The fair Lily herself is overcome with grief and horror; the higher principles themselves for a moment are shaken, for the whole man must share in this passionate conflict.

The Snake at once bestirs herself, and places this process under the form of eternity, thus typifying its universal truth. The fair Lily rouses herself, and faith shows her in a mirror the reflection of herself—what she is to hope for in the future. But now there is need of action. The Snake calls faintly for the Man with the Lamp; the sensuousness of man once abandoned, the understanding can not support him long unless assisted by reason or divine inspiration. To attain this, practical activity is necessary. “No grief of the soul that can be conquered except through action.” The Woman with the basket is wild with fear for herself; but the Snake bids her forget her own care and do what she can to help the Prince; she may find it the best way to help herself. “Man lives for man, and only in so far as he is working for Humanity can his efforts bring permanent happiness.”

All effort to obtain the Man with the Lamp is useless until the Prince’s Hawk is seen soaring again into the air. When the desire of man for the higher life rouses itself again to action, reason needs no bridge on which to cross to him. Insight impels, and man’s own desire is conductor.

The old man has already announced to the fair Lily that “her greatest misfortune she may look upon as her greatest happiness,” and he now sets about, in the true spirit of poetic activity, to make of his prophecy a surety. Lily’s little canary, too, under the genial influence of his lamp, is to share in the general rehabilitation—the happy innocence, or ignorance, of spirit is to be born anew as virtue. The Flames, also, are to play their part; scepticism is a necessary factor in all development. They enter and devote themselves to Lily, thus diverting her mind from what would otherwise have been a too heavy burden.

Midnight has now arrived, and the old man, looking at the stars, begins speaking: "We are assembled at the propitious hour; let each perform his task, let each do his duty; and a universal happiness will swallow up our individual sorrows, as a universal grief consumes individual joys." Each is willing to do his duty, and has a duty to perform, excepting the three attendants, who at this supreme moment are fast asleep; but they, too, are to be awakened and informed with new power from the reflection which the Prince's Hawk will throw upon them. The procession forms and moves slowly toward the River; the truths which are known to a few are now to be laid open to all. Each person, and every object, now emits a mild light of his own, even the basket—the body itself—and Lily's veil. "All things have power to teach him who has the power to learn." Most marvellous of all, when they reach the River they find it spanned by a strong and noble bridge—the Snake at *midnight*! Well might the Ferryman gaze with astonishment at the gleaming arch, and the many lights which were passing over it.

When they have all reached the other side, the Snake resumes her old form for the last time, and once more surrounds the basket with her circle. The old man asks her: "What hast thou resolved on?" "To sacrifice myself rather than to be sacrificed; promise me thou wilt leave no stone on shore." "*Wir entsagen müssen*," we must learn to limit ourselves to the Possible. In this first restraint lies the germ of self-sacrifice; in the giving up of claims too high for attainment, we learn to give up claims for the sake of others. Science may not pierce the clouds and light up the awful mystery of the Absolute; but she may, and does, make life valuable and the rolling years endurable.

At the old man's command, Lily touches the Snake with one hand, her lover with the other. The Prince is at once aroused, and, assisted by the old man, stands erect, the canary fluttering upon his shoulder. There is life in both, but the spirit has not yet returned. The conflict is over, but it has left the man weak and nerveless. Some work must be found for him to do—a field which his "activity may fill." The sphere of individual effort for the Snake is now exhausted, and she yields herself up a willing sacrifice for man. To the first touch of practical activity—the first call from the many—she shows herself willing to respond,

and lies a heap of glittering jewels ready to be thrown into the stream of time.

The old man now addresses himself to the Will-o'-wisps, and his tone, we are told, is respectful—to the inspired eye of reason the work of the Literati of the eighteenth century seemed worthy of all respect—and tells them of a service which none but they can accomplish. The procession is again formed, and proceeds slowly forward until it reaches a large brazen door, bolted with a massive golden lock—the old *régime*, cemented and held fast by long usage—which he requests the Lights to eat away. They require small entreaty, and make short work of the business. This was their mission: to open, tear down, and destroy; it was for others to rebuild.

The clanging doors open and introduce our friends into the sanctuary—the temple of the future, guarded by the Kings. The Lights fall upon each king in turn, and, finding nothing to satisfy them in either of the others, attach themselves to the composite one. For the third time the old man announces: “The time is at hand!” Lily throws herself upon him in thankfulness, and clasps him still closer as the temple begins to move. The old woman and the Prince hold by each other also.

Strange to say, the temple makes its way straight up through the Hut of the Ferryman, which falls through, covering the old man and the youth with its *débris*. This occurrence causes the temple to rock fearfully, and fills Lily and the old woman with alarm. But they need not have suffered any concern. Wandering around it in the dawn, they find that insight—the virtue of the Lamp—has recognized its necessity as an institution, and has converted it, from the inside to the outside, into solid silver. The Ferryman, too, is not forgotten, but comes out of this new temple within a temple in the guise of a Pilot or Helmsman.

The old woman is in despair. “Among so many miracles, can there be nothing done to save my hand?” Her husband bids her bathe in the River, and, on her demurring, continues: “Go and do as I advise thee; all debts are now paid.” In this new, happy reign of reason, even labor will be exonerated from the burden laid upon her by others.

As the rising sun appeared upon the rim of the dome, the old man stepped between Lily and the Prince, and cried, with a loud

voice: "There are three which rule on earth: Wisdom, Appearance, and Strength." At the first word the gold king arose; at the second, the silver; and at the third, the brazen, while the mixed king "very awkwardly plumped down;" in the new temple of the future sham and fraud shall find no place; they will have no power to exercise fear, but will excite only amusement or disgust. The Man with the Lamp leads the youth to each of the three kings in turn. The first girds him with his sword; the second hands him his sceptre; the third presses an oaken garland upon his brow, with the words: "Understand what is highest." At this his features kindle, his eyes gleam, and his first word is—"Lily!" At last the true meaning of life lies open before him, and body and soul are one.

"Oh, my friend," he says, turning to the old man, "glorious and secure is the kingdom of our fathers; but thou hast forgotten the fourth power, which rules the world earlier, more universally, more certainly—the power of love." The old man answers, with a smile: "Love does not rule; but it trains, and that is more"—it is the spirit of love, of grace, the feminine element in humanity, that aids the individual to progress and development, and it is the same principle that actuates modern society and tends to local self-government.

The new-birth of the individual accomplished, the attention is naturally directed outward, and it is seen at once that the process may also be a general one. The prophecy of the bridge has been fulfilled, and a stately structure, upon which people of every station and under every variety of circumstances are seen to be safely and pleasantly employed, appears. "Remember the Snake in honor," said the Man with the Lamp; "thou owest her thy life; thy people owe her the bridge, by which those neighboring banks are now animated and combined into one land. Those swimming and shining jewels, the remains of her sacrificed body, are the piers of this royal bridge; upon these she has built and will maintain herself."

Four lovely maidens now enter the temple. Three of them we recognize as Lily's attendants, who have now returned to her; in her moments of activity, spirit needs no adjuncts, but in her quiescent state they serve as indexes to her. The fourth hastens to the Man with the Lamp, who greets her as his wife, but tells her

she is free to choose another husband, if she desires. She will not hear of any other, but tells him that he too is grown younger. And so poetical and practical activity—Reason and Endeavor—are joined again in the truest of all marriages.

The final catastrophe draws near. The Giant is seen stumbling and blundering over the bridge. His presence does not harm, but his shadow causes deadly mischief. The new king involuntarily grasps his sword; but a moment's reflection convinces him of its powerlessness, and he looks calmly at his sceptre, then at the lamp and rudder of his attendants. "I guess thy thought," said the Man with the Lamp, "but we and our gifts are powerless against this powerful monster." Superstition is only to be cured by natural means, and, fortunately, those means are near at hand. "The natural sciences," says Goethe, "are so human, so true, that I wish every one luck who occupies himself with them. They teach us that the greatest, the most mysterious phenomena, take place openly, orderly, and simply, unmagically; they must finally quench the thirst of poor ignorant man for the dark Extraordinary by showing him that the Extraordinary lies so near, so clear, so familiar, and so determinately true."

Now the Hawk, with the mirror, soaring aloft above the dome, catches the light of the sun and reflects it upon the group which is standing on the altar; through the knowledge gained of the Highest, which his own desire has reflected upon him, man, surrounded as he is now, and ever should be, by all the good and gracious influences which he has drawn to himself, finds his best life in a life lived for others. This life may often, must often, be lived in solitude—the king and his followers proceed by secret passages into his palace—but its beneficence shall none the less be spread abroad and serve to illuminate all mankind.

The retiring Flames, wishing to have a little sport before they leave, scatter a few gold pieces upon the marble flags as they pass, and the people press eagerly forward to catch them. There are still those who find food for thought in the scriptures of the last century, but the time of their greatest usefulness is past.

"Behold the prophecy!" * There have always been individuals for whom it was true; for the race—? "The bridge is swarming with travellers, and the temple is the most frequented of the whole earth."